

## PLENTY TO EAT BUT NO APPETITE

Tennessee Farmer Says He Came  
Near Being Knocked Out  
Last Summer.

## HAS GAINED 25 POUNDS

"This Tanlac Just Took Right Hold of  
Me and Put Me on My Feet," He  
Says—Is Strong and Well and  
Don't Mind Work Now.

"It may sound unreasonable, and you may believe me or not, but after taking four bottles of Tanlac I have gained 25 pounds," said J. B. Williams, a well-known and prosperous farmer who resides at Greenbrier, Tenn., near Nashville, Tenn.

"I had a bad case of stomach trouble last summer, and it came pretty near knocking me out," continued Mr. Williams. "It was something like nervous indigestion. I began to go down hill. It looked like the more medicine I took and the harder I tried to get well, the worse I would get. We had pretty near everything to eat, but nothing tasted right, and I got so weak and nervous I couldn't do anything."

"Before I had this spell I weighed 160 pounds, and kept falling off until I got down to where I only weighed 135 pounds."

"I am now back to my regular weight again, and feel strong and well. My appetite is simply fine now, and I don't mind my work. This Tanlac just took right hold of me, and put me on my feet."

"Well, sir, the second day after I began taking it, I got hungry and oh, how good that old ham did taste! I sleep fine now, too, and am not nervous like I was. Even the barking of the dogs at night does not wake me up."

"I never believed a medicine could be made that would do anybody as much good as Tanlac has done me, and I want to recommend it to anybody who has suffered with the same trouble I have."

There is a Tanlac dealer in your town.—Adv.

## WAYS OF SUMMER BOARDERS

They Are Usually Very Witty Persons  
Who Make Comical Remarks to  
the Farmer.

Summer boarders are people who spend several weeks in the country each summer longing for a trip home. They are usually very witty persons and make comical remarks to the farmer. Aside from the board they pay him the farmer cleans up a tidy sum each summer by sending the things his boarders say to the comic weeklies. A summer boarder can merely look at a cow and quick as a wink he will say something funny. The farmer puts this down in a book he always carries around with him. In the course of a couple of weeks he has several pages of good jokes to sell at his own rates, says the Philadelphia Star.

If you board with a farmer this summer say some funny things to him about the cows or the pigs. If he keeps a horse always poke fun at his horse. He will laugh at the funny things you say. Then he will go in and open up a can of fresh country peas out of his own cellar so that when you go back to the city you will miss the country vegetables. When you leave be sure and tell him how you enjoyed the country eating so that he can laugh some more.

### Has to Have.

"Has your friend high ambitions?"  
"Sure, He's an aviator."—Baltimore  
American.



## For Building Up Quickly

probably the very  
best food you can  
select is  
**Grape-Nuts.**

It contains the  
mineral salts and  
energy values—all  
the nutriment of  
whole wheat and  
barley—digests  
easily and quickly,  
and the flavor is  
delicious.

"There's a Reason"

for

**Grape-Nuts**

## CONVENTION VOTE PLANS

GREAT INTEREST IS SHOWN OVER  
STATE IN CONVENTION ELEC-  
TION TO BE HELD JULY 28.

Recent Opposition To Holding Consti-  
tutional Convention Has Developed—  
Many Think War Conditions Should  
Cause Delay In Vote.

Nashville.—Voters of Tennessee will decide July 28 whether or not they desire a convention held to revise the organic law of the state, known as the constitution. If the vote is favorable, delegates will be chosen to the convention next fall and the convention will meet later in Nashville. By the acts under which the election and convention will be held, every county in the state will be given representation.

When the campaign is further progressed a corps of good speakers will be sent to every county in the state to address the people on the subject of constitutional revision. Meantime county organizations which will handle the campaign in their respective districts will be perfected.

The chairman of each county court in the state has been given authority to make arrangements to have a speaker at the regular quarterly meeting of the courts July 2. At the same time plans for perfecting county organizations will be made.

### Gen. Wood Compliments Berry.

Col. Harry S. Berry, First Tennessee Infantry, received the following letter from the commanding general of the southeastern department, Charleston, S. C.:

"Col. Harry S. Berry, First Tennessee Infantry—Sir: In connection with the recent relief units of your regiment from guard upon public and private utilities, I am informed by my chief of staff that you handled the matter in a most satisfactory manner, carrying out instructions with commendable expedition and excellent judgment."

"I wish to commend you therefor."

"In this time of national emergency, in which state troops will so largely figure, it is a pleasure to have my attention called to efficient national guard commanders."

"LEONARD WOOD."

"Major-General U. S. A., Commanding Southeastern Department, Charleston, S. C."

### Appeals To Congressmen For Relief.

The coal situation in Tennessee is such that the Tennessee railroad commission has transmitted to the members of the Tennessee delegation in congress a statement of the conditions and urging that the delegation support the president in his efforts to thwart the designing speculators and gamblers in the necessities of life.

In this statement the commission points out there is no statutory relief in Tennessee for the conditions that brought about the recent investigation by the commission in East Tennessee.

A famine in coal is threatened this year, the commission says, unless President Wilson is given power to control or regulate the distribution of coal.

### Corn Will Average High.

According to information received from crop correspondents by the agricultural department, the condition of all crops in Tennessee has greatly improved in the last ten days. Cotton especially has much improved the last week. A bumper corn crop is assured and it is now thought that the wheat yield will reach 70 per cent of the average crop. The Irish potato crop will be enormous and farmers are just now planting the second crop.

### Smallpox Appears in Mild Form.

Dr. H. H. Shoulters, assistant secretary of the state board of health, and registrar of vital statistics, and Dr. T. C. Graves, superintendent of the county board of health, held a conference at Memphis and decided that temporary compulsory vaccination and a strict quarantine were the best methods of stamping out the mild form of smallpox which exists in Shelby county.

### Conference of Educators.

Prof. S. W. Sherrill, state superintendent of public instruction, went to Johnson City last week and held a conference with the county superintendents of East Tennessee counties. A like conference was held at the Middle Tennessee Normal school at Murfreesboro this week and at Memphis on July 5 and 6.

### First Company To Be Mustered.

The Trenton company of the new Second Tennessee regiment was mustered into the service of the state Saturday by Capt. Thos. Pauntleroy of Memphis. It was the first of the West Tennessee companies to go into the new regiment.

### Recognizes New Regiment.

Secretary of War Baker announces from Washington that official recognition has been given the new Second Tennessee regiment, and that uniforms and equipment would be ready soon.

### Teaching Six Hundred Teachers.

The summer session of the West Tennessee state normal school is largely attended. Six hundred and fifty teachers have enrolled, representing every county in West Tennessee and several adjoining states.

# THE REAL MAN

By FRANCIS LYNDE

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## AFTER SAVING THE LIFE OF DAINTY CORONA BALDWIN, SMITH TAKES IT UPON HIMSELF TO SAVE THE COM- PANY'S PROPERTY AT THE RISK OF HIS LIFE

Synopsis.—J. Montague Smith, cashier of the Lawrenceville Bank and Trust company, bachelor society leader, engaged to marry Verda Richlander, heiress, is wrongfully accused of dishonesty by Watrous Dunham, his employer, and urged to be the scapegoat for his guilty accuser. Smith strikes Dunham, leaves him for dead and flees the state. He turns up as a tramp sometime later at an irrigation dam construction camp in the Rockies and as John Smith gets a rough job. He soon attracts the attention of his boss by his evidence of superior intelligence; and because the company is in financial straits, is asked to join the office staff and become a sort of financial adviser. About this time Smith saves the life of Miss Corona Baldwin, daughter of Col. Dexter Baldwin, president of the company.

### CHAPTER VI.—Continued.

"I was born here in Timanyoni, and you haven't been here three weeks; do you think I'd be afraid to go anywhere that you'll go?"

"We'll see about that," he chuckled, matching the laugh; and with that he let the clutch take hold, sent the car rolling gently up to the level of the railroad embankment and across the rails of the main track, and pulled it around until it was headed fairly for the upper switch. Then he put the motor in the reverse and began to back the car on the siding, steering so that the wheels on one side hugged the inside of one rail.

"What in the world are you trying to do?" questioned the young woman who had said she was not afraid.

"Wait," he temporized; "just wait a minute and get ready to hang on like grim death. We're going across on that trestle."

He fully expected her to shriek and grab for the steering wheel. That, he told himself, was what the normal young woman would do. But Miss Corona disappointed him.

"You'll put us both into the river, and smash Colonel-daddy's car, but I guess the Baldwin family can stand it if you can," she remarked quite calmly.

Smith kept on backing until the car had passed the switch from which the spur branched off to cross to the material yard on the opposite side of the river. A skilful bit of juggling put the roadster over on the ties of the spur-track. Then he turned to his fellow risk.

"Sit low and hang on with both hands," he directed. "Now! and he opened the throttle.

The trestle was not much above two hundred feet long, and, happily, the cross-ties were closely spaced. Steered to a hair, the big car went bumping across, and in his innermost recesses Smith was saying to his immediate ancestor, the well-behaved bank clerk: "You swab! You never saw the day when you could do a thing like this."

... you thought you had me tied up in a bunch of ribbon, didn't you?" If Miss Baldwin were frightened, she did not show it. Smith jerked the roadster out of the entanglement of the railroad track and said: "You may sit up now and tell me which way to go. I don't know anything about the roads over here."

She pointed out the way across the hills, and a four-mile dash followed. Up hill and down the big roadster raced, devouring the interspaces, and at the toppling of the last of the ridges, in a small, low-lying swale which was well hidden from any point of view in the vicinity of the distant dam, they came upon the interlopers. There were three men and two horses and a covered wagon, as Martin's telephone message had catalogued them. The horses were still in the traces, and just beyond the wagon a legal mining claim had been marked out by freshly driven stakes. At one end two of the men were digging perfunctorily, while the third was tacking the legal notice on a bit of board nailed to one of the stakes.

Smith sent the gray car rocketing down into the swale, brought it to a stand with a thrust of the brakes, and jumped out. Once more the primitive Stone Age man in him, which had slept so long and so quietly under the Lawrenceville conventionalities, was joyously pitching the barriers aside.

"It's moving day for you fellows," he announced cheerfully, picking the biggest of the three as the proper subject for the order giving. "You're on the Timanyoni Ditch company's land, and you know it. Pile into the wagon and fade away!"

The big man's answer was a laugh, pointed, doubtless, by the fact that the order giver was palpably unarmed. Smith's right arm shot out, and when the blow landed there were only two left to close in on him. In such sudden hostilities the advantages are all with the beginner. Having superior reach and a good bit more skill than either of the two tacklers, Smith held his own until he could get in a few more of the smashing right-handers, but in planting them he took punishment enough to make him Berserk-mad and so practically invincible. There was a fierce mingling of arms,

legs and bodies, sufficiently terrifying, one would suppose, to a young woman sitting calmly in an automobile a hundred yards away.

The struggle was short in just proportion to its vigor, and at the end of it two of the trespassers were knocked out, and Smith was dragging the third over to the wagon, into which he presently heaved the man as if he had been a sack of meal. Miss Baldwin, sitting in the car, saw her ally dive into the covered wagon and come out with a pair of rifles. Pausing only long enough to smash the guns, one after the other, over the wagon wheel, he started back after the two other men. They were not waiting to be carried to the wagon; they were up and running in a wide semicircle to reach their hope of retreat unslain, if that might be. It was all very brutal and barbarous, no doubt, but the colonel's daughter was Western born and bred, and she clapped her hands and laughed in sheer enthusiasm when she saw Smith make a show of chasing the circling runners.

He did not return to her until after he had pulled up the freshly driven stakes and thrown them away, and by that time the wagon, with the horses harnessed to a keen gallop, was disappearing over the crest of the northern ridge.

"That's one way to get rid of them, isn't it?" said the emancipated bank man, jocosely, upon taking his place in the car to crank it for the turn. "Was that something like the notion you had in mind?"

"Mercy, no!" she rejoined. And then: "Are you sure you are not hurt?" "Not worth mentioning," he evaded. "Those duffers couldn't hurt anybody, so long as they couldn't get to their guns."

"But you have saved the company at your own expense. They will be sure to have you arrested."

"We won't cross that bridge until we come to it," he returned. "If we were back in the country from which I have lately escaped, it would be proper for me to ask your permission to drive you safely home. Since we are not, I shall assume the permission and do it anyway."

"Oh, is that necessary?" she asked, meaning, as he took it, nothing more than comradely deprecation at putting him to the trouble of it.

"Not absolutely necessary, perhaps, but decently prudent. You might drop me opposite the dam, but you'd have to pass those fellows somewhere on the way, and they might try to make it unpleasant for you."

She made no further comment, and he sent the car spinning along over the hills to the westward. A mile



The Struggle Was Short.

short of the trestle river crossing they overtook and passed the wagon. Because he had the colonel's daughter with him, Smith put on a burst of speed and so gave the claim jumpers no chance to provoke another battle.

In the maze of crossroads opposite the little city on the south bank of the river, Smith was out of his reckoning, and was obliged to ask his companion to direct him.

"I thought you weren't ever going to say anything any more," she sighed, in mock despair. "Take this road to the right."

"I can't talk and drive a speed wagon at the same time," he told her, twisting the gray car into the road she had indicated, and he made the assertion good by covering the four remaining miles in the same preoccupied fashion.

There was a reason, of a sort, for his silence; two of them, to be exact. For one, he was troubled by that haunting sense of familiarity which was still trying to tell him that this was not his first meeting with Colonel Baldwin's daughter; and the other, much bigger and more depressing, was the realization that in breaking with his past, he had broken also with the world of women, at least to the extent of ever asking one of them to marry him.

He pushed the thought aside, coming back to the other one—the puzzle of familiarity—when Miss Baldwin pointed to a transplanted Missouri farm mansion, with a columned portico, standing in a grove of cottonwoods on the left-hand side of the road, telling him it was Hillcrest.

There was a massive stone portal fronting the road, and when he got down to open the gates the young woman took the wheel and drove through; whereupon he decided that it was time for him to break away, and said so.

"But how will you get back to the camp?" she asked.

"I have my two legs yet, and the walking isn't bad."

"No; but you might meet those two men again."

"That is the least of my troubles." Miss Corona Baldwin, like the Missouri colonel, her father, came upon moments now and then when she had the ultimate courage of her impulses. "I should have said you hadn't a trouble in the world," she asserted, meeting his gaze level-eyed.

The polite paraphrases of the confined period were slipping to the end of his tongue, but he set his teeth upon them and said, instead: "That's all you know about it. What if I should tell you that you've been driving this morning with an escaped convict?"

"I shouldn't believe it," she said calmly.

"Well, you haven't—not quite," he returned, adding the qualifying phrase in sheer honesty.

She had untied her veil and was asking him hospitably if he wouldn't come in and meet her mother. Something in the way she said it, some little twist of the lips or look of the eyes, touched the spring of complete recognition, and the familiarity puzzle vanished instantly.

"You forget that I am a working-man," he smiled. "My gang in the quarry will think I've found a bottle somewhere." And then: "Did you ever lose a glove, Miss Baldwin—a white kid with a little hole in one finger?" "Dozens of them," she admitted; "and most of them had holes, I'm afraid. But what has that to do with your coming in and meeting mamma and letting her thank you for saving my life?"

"Nothing at all, of course," he hastened to say; and with that he bade her good-by rather abruptly, and turned his back upon the transplanted Missouri mansion, muttering to himself as he closed the portal gates behind him: "Baldwin, of course! What an ass I was not to remember the name! And now I've got the other half of it, too; it's 'Corona.'"

### CHAPTER VII.

#### Timanyoni Ditch.

Smith had his vote of thanks from Colonel Dexter Baldwin in Williams' sheet-iron office at the dam, the colonel having driven out to the camp for the express purpose; and the chief of construction himself was not present.

"You've loaded us up with a tolerably heavy obligation, Smith—Corry's mother and me," was the way the colonel summed up. "If you hadn't been on deck and strictly on the job at that railroad crossing yesterday morning—"

"Don't mention it, colonel," Smith broke in. "I did nothing more than any man would have done for any woman. You know it, and I know it. Let's leave it that way and forget it."

The tall Missourian's laugh was entirely approbative.

"I like that," he said. "It's a good, man-fashioned way of looking at it. You know how I feel about it—how any father would feel; and that's enough."

"Plenty," was the brief rejoinder.

"But there's another chapter to it that neither of us can cross out; you'll have to come out to the ranch and let Corry's mother have a hack at you," Baldwin went on. "I couldn't figure you out of that if I should try. And now about those claim jumpers: I suppose you didn't know any of them by name?"

"No." "Corry says you gave them the time of their lives. By George, I wish I'd been there to see!" and the colonel slapped his leg and laughed. "Did they look like the real thing—sure enough prospectors?"

"They looked like a bunch of hired assassins," said Smith, with a grin. "It's some more of the interference, isn't it?"

The colonel's square jaw settled into the fighting angle. "How much do you know about this business mix-up of ours, Smith?" he asked.

"All that Williams could tell me in a little heart-to-heart talk we had the other day."

"You agreed with him that there was a tolerably big nigger in the woodpile, didn't you?"

"I had already gathered that much from the camp gossip."

"Well, it's so. We're just about as helpless as a bunch of cattle in a sink-hole," was the ranchman president's confirmation of the camp guesses. "What in the name of the great horn spoon can we do—more than we have done?"

"There are a number of things that might be done," said Smith, falling back reflectively upon the presumably



"They Looked Like a Bunch of Hired Assassins."

dead and buried bank-cashier part of him. "And if you can manage to stay in the game and play it out, there is big money in it for all of you; enough to make it well worth while for you to put up the fight of your lives."

"Big money?—you mean in saving our investment?"

"Oh, no; not at all; in clinching the other fellows," Smith put in quickly. Colonel Dexter Baldwin lifted his soft hat and ran his fingers through his grizzled hair.

"Say, Smith; you mustn't forget that I'm from Missouri," he said half quizzically.

"But I shouldn't think you'd need to be 'shown' in this particular instance," was the smiling rejoinder. "The chance to sell you people water from your own dam isn't the only thing or the main thing in this case. They are obliged to have this dam site, or, at least, one as high up the river as this, in order to get the water over to their newly alienated grant in the western half of the park."

"You've got it straight," said the colonel.

"Very good. Then they're simply obliged to have your dam, or—Don't you see the alternative now, colonel?" "Heavens to Betsy!" exclaimed the breeder of fine horses, bringing his fist down upon Williams' desk with a crash that made the ink bottles dance. And then: "What a lot of fence-posts we are—the whole kit and blinn' of us! If they get the dam, they sell water to us; if they don't get it, we sell it to them!"

"That's it, exactly," Smith put in quietly. "And I should say that your stake in the game is worth the stiffest fight you can make to save it. Don't you agree with me?"

"Great Jehu! I should say so!" ejaculated the amateur trust fighter. Then he broke down the barriers masterfully. "That settles it, Smith. You can't wiggle out of it now, no way or shape. You've got to come over into Macedonia and help us. Williams tells me you refused him, but you can't refuse me."

Do you believe that Smith would be wise in taking an important position with the ditch company—especially if he really hopes to escape prison as a result of the Lawrenceville affair? Wouldn't he be wiser if he disappeared from the new job?

(TO BE CONTINUED)

### Resistance of the Wind.

Tests on a model of the naval collier Neptune made in the wind tunnel of the Washington navy yard by Naval Constructor William McEntee show that if this vessel were steaming against a 30-mile wind at 14 knots an hour it would require about 770 horsepower to overcome the resistance of the wind. This is about 20 per cent of the power necessary to propel her through the water.